

AUG 3 1942

AUGUST 1942

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



GREAT DANE INDUCTED INTO ARMY AT ANGELL ANIMAL HOSPITAL (See page 145)

The MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY for the
PREVENTION of CRUELTY to ANIMALS
and the
AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION
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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 8

Honored for Humanity

We have always been proud of our splendid Navy and its excellent officers, but Rear Admiral Frederick C. Sherman, commander of the ill-fated U.S.S. Lexington, brought additional honor to the fleet when he showed his humaneness in not leaving his ship without taking along his pet dog, "Admiral Wags."

The humane movement in America promptly honored the gallant Admiral, and on June 27 Sydney H. Coleman, President of the American Humane Association (a federation of animal welfare societies in the United States), presented a medal to Admiral Sherman in recognition of the rescue of his dog.

We are quite certain that one of these days "Admiral Wags" will find a way to repay the debt. The loyal companionship of a good dog and a good master is a delightful thing to behold—especially in this day and age.

An Unusual Gift

The 179th Infantry, stationed at Fort Devens, Massachusetts, has not only been doing its part for national defense through its 100% buying of bonds, but its remarkable little dog, known as "Blackout," has scratched out his niche in the canine hall of fame by becoming responsible for a twenty-five dollar war bond which has been made over to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, through its branch in Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

We can only express to "Blackout" our appreciation of his rare thoughtfulness through Technical Sergeant Herbert L. Bailey, Technical Adviser for the Company.

Humane Sunday, April 11; Be Kind to Animals Week, April 12-17, 1943.

Something New at the Farm

THE following, from the *Tribune*, Lawrence, Massachusetts, tells of an unusual way of dealing with the young, winning their help and co-operation instead of antagonizing them and encouraging disregard of order and discipline:

There's a lesson to be learned from a clever idea put into operation by William W. Haswell, superintendent of the Rest Farm for Horses of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 400 Broadway, Methuen. For some time past, the Society's extensive holdings in the suburban town have been subjected to intermittent sieges of vandalism. Mr. Haswell conceived the idea of forming a sort of military troop of young boys, with officers and everything, to help guard the property and discourage other young lads who showed an inclination to be mischievous. Now the outfit is about thirty strong and is doing excellent work. In exchange for their services, the youngsters have the run of the beautiful M. S. P. C. A. grounds and the feeling that they are making tangible contribution to worthy enterprise. Adult members of Mr. Haswell's staff hold the rank of sergeant in the troop, and if the boys encounter any situation they can't handle themselves, the men take over. Boys "captured" on the grounds are "court-martialed" but the sentences meted out are not very stiff. Invariably, the "prisoners" win amnesty for themselves by agreeing to become members of the troop.

In the treatment we accord to our faithful animal friends we reveal our own character. One generation dedicated to kind and thoughtful treatment of others, to humanitarian principles, would cause much of the sorrow and suffering in the world to disappear.

The Negro and the War

IN recent months much has been printed about the place of the Negro in the war effort, and it was with real pleasure that we noted a splendid, ten-page layout, excellently illustrated, in a recent issue of *Life Magazine*, which graphically told the following story:

"Negro soldiers have fought well under all the great Generals in all the great wars and in most of the famous battles of United States history. And they have fought well. A Negro, Crispus Attucks, was the first American to fall under British fire in the Boston Massacre of 1770. Negroes fought beside the Minute Men at Bunker Hill and the Continentals at Red Bank, New Jersey, where George Washington himself singled them out for praise.

"When Andrew Jackson stopped the British invaders at New Orleans in 1815, a battalion of 'free men of color' formed part of his front line. In the Civil War, 161 regiments of Negro troops turned the tide for the North. 'Without their help,' said President Lincoln, 'neither the present nor any coming administration can save the Union.'

"Negro cavalry men chased Indians in the West and rescued Rough Riders at San Juan Hill. In World War I, more than 200,000 Negro troops went to France."

In the present war the Negro has already distinguished himself. At Pearl Harbor a Negro messman, Dorie Miller, heroically rescued his superior officer and was awarded the Navy Cross. In the Philippines, Negro Private Robert Brooks was the first man of the armed forces to fall in action. The main parade ground at Fort Knox has been named "Brooks Field" in his honor. The Negroes have much reason for being proud of their excellent record.

Busy Bees

H. Wyatt Washington

Noon fields
 And the white clouds furled;
 Work yields
 To resting world:
 But who shall keep
 Bees from sweet clover
 That work and reap
 The noon hour over?

Noon shade
 Where the horses rest;
 Plows laid
 By earth's turned breast;
 But what of these
 That harvest clover?
 Who pays the bees
 For working over?

Four-Footed National Emblems

JASPER B. SINCLAIR

JUST as the bald eagle has long since been adopted as the national emblem of the United States, so have many of our four-footed friends been selected as the symbols of various countries in the Old and New Worlds.

Across the Atlantic, the British lion and the British bulldog share honors as the national emblems of Great Britain. In the early days the lion was also the emblem of Scotland, and is still portrayed on the thousand-year-old Scottish royal standard, one of the oldest of all flags.

Aussies claim the ungainly kangaroo as the national emblem of Australia, while the Russian bear is the centuries old symbol of that country.

The white elephant was for many years the symbol of Siam, the country that is now called Thailand, and it was so advertised to the world on the Siamese flag.

The old Siamese kings, by the way, had an embarrassing custom of presenting white elephants to persons incurring royal disfavor. That practice made a "white elephant" synonymous in our language with an unwanted gift of any sort.

The tiger was the emblem of the Province of Mysore, in India, and the lion the symbol of Abyssinia. Since ancient times the ruling Ethiopian emperors have included among their long-winded collection of titles the one about the "All Conquering Lion of Judah."

Canada has pictured the caribou on enough varieties of postage stamps to entitle that animal to rank as the four-footed emblem of our Dominion neighbors. In the same part of the world it is worth remembering that the Newfoundland dog and the Labrador retriever have given those colonies their share of publicity.

The Northland Cattalo

JAMES MONTAGNES



CATTALO CALF ON A CANADIAN GOVERNMENT PRAIRIE BREEDING FARM

CATTLE that grunt instead of bellow, and that paw through heavy snow for food, may be future inhabitants of vast areas in northern Canada. For twenty years experiments in development of the "cattalo"—a cross between buffalo and domestic cattle,—have been proceeding, are now nearing the stage where the Canadian Department of Agriculture officials expect that

by 1943 animals three-quarters domestic cattle and one-quarter buffalo will be bred successfully. The cattalo will turn areas where existing cattle could not thrive, into ranching country, according to Dr. Alan Deakin of the department's animal husbandry division. There are now 126 cattalo (hybrids) at the government's station at Wainwright, Alberta.

Our Friends—the Snakes

MARJORIE S. GLYNN

IF you were living in the tropics, one of your best friends, and one that might save your life, some day, would be—a snake!

Yes, that is true. The Mussurana, a six-foot reptile, while menacing-looking with its size and iridescent coloring, would be the best pet you could have. Why? Because the Mussurana, while friendly and harmless to humans, is a cannibal, and its favorite food is other snakes, preferably poisonous ones.

Then, here in our own country, there is the king snake, a beautifully marked and large serpent that dines on—rattlers. He will go out of his way to hunt them up and eat them. If one crosses his path accidentally, it is just too bad for Mr. Rattler. He is doomed to make a meal for his arch enemy, the king snake, which is rightly named as he is truly the master of all reptiles—fearless and aggressive.

The farmer's friend—should be the

name of our common garter or striped snake, as it is sometimes called. This snake eats small rodents and insects that prey upon the farmer's crops.

Do you want to have a nice garden? Then, don't kill that little green snake that slithers so gracefully between the growing plants. He is the guardian of the garden, and will repay you for your tolerance many times over.

Did you ever see a worm that seemed to have a little spine on the end of its tail? Chances are you were looking not at an earthworm, but at a worm snake, which is really a snake and not a worm at all. It is so named because of its size and similarity to the worm. It is the tiniest of the snakes, being only a few inches long. It is blind and spends its time burrowing like a worm in the earth, where it hunts out and eats insect eggs.

So it, too, might be called the farmer's friend.

...
 Please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. when making your will.

The Happy Calf

Judy Van der Veer

Where the pasture grass is deep
The new calf likes to go to sleep.

Through the warmest part of day
He has no wish to run and play.

He hears a lullaby by bees,
Grows unaware of half he sees.

The long thick lashes shade his eyes,
He quivers in his sleep and sighs.

And through his little calfish mind
No doubt some lovely dreams unwind

Until the coolness wakes him up,
Reminding him it's time to sup.

He hears his mother's chiming bell
And knows that everything is well.

She speaks to him low-toned and sweet;
He goes to her on flying feet.

Ferociously he drinks his fill,
And while the day grows dim and still

He thinks it is the time to play,
Kicks up his heels and runs away.

He frolics with an elf-like grace,
With gladness on his little face.

The Picture on the Cover

"Prince Max" Now a Technical Sergeant
in the Army

THIS month's frontispiece presents "Prince Maximilian," a male pedigree Great Dane a year and a half old, which was given recently by the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital to the boys of the Third Replacement Depot at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts. The beautiful dog had been brought to the Hospital by Mr. Foster E. Allison of 57 Windsor Road, Wellesley Hills, who specified that it should be turned over to some branch of the armed forces. The boys at the Camp had heard of similar canine pets being given to other units of the service and to make sure that they might secure this one, four of them, First Sergeant Fred C. Libby, Technical Sergeant Albert Fournier, Private Fordon Sol, and Sergeant Stanley J. Wicko (named in the order they appear in the picture, from left to right), drove up from Camp Edwards to the Hospital building on Longwood Avenue, Boston, where the gift was received in the presence of representatives of the press. Immediately "Prince Max," as he was affectionately nicknamed, was inducted into the Army and promoted to the rank of Technical Sergeant, as his certificate, officially signed by the Captain in charge, shows.



ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP GRAZE BY THE HIGHWAY IN
BANFF NATIONAL PARK, CANADA

Wildlife Coming Back

HENRY H. GRAHAM

CLOSED hunting seasons have proved to be a great boon to several forms of wildlife whose ranks were thinning dangerously. Statistics show that a number of species of such birds are increasing in population, which should be welcome news to every lover of the outdoors.

Several years ago the trumpeter swan was believed to be extinct. Then a small flock of these large and beautiful birds was discovered. Full protection, of course, was given them. Today there are many more trumpeter swans than formerly, though the number is still small.

In many western states lives a bird known as the sage hen, a form of grouse. It makes its home in the brushland solitudes, seldom approaching civilized areas. A few years ago sportsmen reported an alarming shortage of these birds. This was because of the sage hen's habit of congregating at the comparatively few water holes to drink. Hunters would seek them there, often wiping out whole coveys.

For several years the sage grouse has been protected in some states with the

result that it, like the trumpeter swan, is increasing in number. Due to the wholesale slaughter of other years the species is still not numerous, but it is making a comeback nevertheless. In early days hunters reported seeing large piles of dead sage hens that had been shot and stacked and left on the brushland sands. This inexcusable destruction did much to bring the bird to the point of extinction, making drastic action by lawmakers necessary.

Not only the trumpeter swan and sage grouse but other birds that were once rare are battling to preserve their species. Aided by closed seasons and winters that are not too harsh, they may be able to travel a long way on the return trail.

The hooves of mountain sheep are somewhat spongy or rubbery so that they act something like shock absorbers when the animals leap from one stony crag to another.

The Jack London Club, with 829,608 members, protests the cruelty in training animals for stage and screen performances. Write to 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, for particulars.



Photo from Fish and Wildlife Service, U. S.

A VIRGINIA RAIL GUARDING HER NEST

Invite the Birds

EVELYN B. WITTER

JUST look at that flock of birds coming back to us from the South," I remarked to my husband one day in March as we were laying out our garden plot.

"I'm sure glad to see them," he remarked, turning his eyes skyward. "We need them so badly to protect our gardens from harmful insects. Say, they must be tired and hungry after their long journey. They'll be needing homes, too."

"And our modern civilization is hard on them," I observed, following his trend of thought. "They need our help as much as we need theirs."

"U-huh," he agreed.

"I wish some of them would settle with us," I told Bill as I thought of the robin drama I had enjoyed from my kitchen window the spring and summer before. It had lightened my household tasks to be able to look up into the old elm tree and see first the nest-building activities, then the coming of three bright-eyed babies, the industrious parents feeding their young, the young ones' test flights, and finally their noisy departures. Every day I had looked forward to a new scene in the robin drama, and when they left for a warmer climate I realized how much pleasure they had given me.

"Why don't you invite the birds?" Bill queried.

I laughed out loud at the thought of engraved invitations to the birds.

Bill dropped his spade and with a knowing smile went into the house. He soon returned with bread crumbs, bits of absorbent cotton, shreds of linen, and small

separated fibers from a piece of rope. He spread these things out under the old elm tree.

"There are your invitations to the birds," he said.

It wasn't very long before another flight of birds came into view. This time they did not fly past us. They saw our invitations and accepted them.

That spring and summer our garden was almost free of destructive insects. There were melodious bird activities in the trees around our house that gladdened our hearts.

Now we send out invitations to the

The Virginia Rail

BRUCE BROWN

MALE and female Virginia rails are practically indistinguishable. They incubate their eggs in alternate relays, first the mother, then the father. As in gallinules, the young birds may be hatching over a period of several days. When enemies are near the adults carry their young to safety.

The Virginia rail is about nine and one-half inches long. It is found in summer in the marshlands from southern British Columbia to New Brunswick, south to Baja California, Utah, southern Ohio, and eastern North Carolina. The birds spend the winters from the southern part of their breeding range south to Florida, Mexico and Guatemala.

Their call sounds like "ticket-ticket-ticket," or "racket-racket-racket." Nests are built of dead rushes, rather deeply hollowed, and are placed just above the water. Occasionally two birds lay in the same nest and from five to twelve eggs, creamy-buff in color with spots of reddish brown, are laid. The female pulls down the surrounding tips of sedges and rushes to make a roof over the nest which she is very particular about keeping in place. While they are incubating their eggs the Virginia rails bravely remain on the nest in spite of marauders, sometimes attacking molesting fingers.

birds regularly, not just in the spring of the year, but the whole year through. The birds who do not fly South for the winter are in dire need of shelter and food through the cold months and they accept our invitations even more eagerly than their migratory relatives.



Photo by Sidney Latham

PELICANS "AT HOME" IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY

On His Second Blindness

Dorothy K. Rhode

I remember well that fiery brand
Which charred my optic nerves with leap-
ing pain;
My heart was failing when you licked my
hand
And whined and led me to the world again.
We went romping through the woods to play
And found some sounds and odors in the
wind
To take the place of colors, in a way,
While at my knee your honest heartbeat
dinned.
This morning when I touched your shaggy
head
I did not hear your whimper; you had gone,
Unshackled from the man whom you had led
For seven years. Alone you met the dawn.
Believe me, your strong love meant more
to me
Than all those landscapes that I could not see.

Father Damien's Work
for Animals

BARCLAY BARLOW

FROM data which researchers for the Hawaiian Historical Society have uncovered at the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum in Honolulu, a hitherto unpublished trait in the character of Father Damien, the leper priest of Molokai, has come to light. It is his kindness toward stray dogs and homeless cats, to chickens, birds and other creatures, as well as to the plague-stricken lepers for whom he gave up his own life.

The kindly young Belgian priest, who ministered to the souls and bodies of the lepers and even dug their graves, hated cruelty to animals with stern magnificence.

When Father Damien first arrived in the Hawaiian Islands he was assigned as an assistant pastor to one of the churches on the Island of Hawaii, the largest of the group. One of its chief industries is cattle raising, so that its residents and the denizens of the other islands may have an occasional steak or beef stew to vary the monotony of the traditional wild pig and taro root poi. Particularly in Honolulu, where even in Father Damien's time, there were many Americans, was the demand for beef great. But while the cattle thrived the stockmen were handicapped by the lack of harbor and transportation facilities, so crude methods had to be used.

The ranchers drove their livestock in the cool of the night to corrals along the seashore. Just beyond the surf there were rowboats. Anchored farther out were barges equipped with windlasses. The theory was that the cattle would wade out to the rowboats and then permit themselves to be guided through deeper water to the barges. But the

stockmen miscalculated. The animals could be coaxed to the water's edge, but not beyond. No gentle urging would get them into the surf.

Finally, one of the cowhands evolved the system of twisting their tails. It worked like a charm. At the barges nooses were slipped around the steers' horns and then they were hauled on board with the winches.

Father Damien thought tail twisting was cruelty to animals and being hoisted up onto the barges by their horns not much less than that, so he started a crusade against the practices. The stockmen listened to his arguments with stony silence. When pinned down to the point where they had to say something it usually was:

"Well, show us how to do it more gently."

The matter eventually was solved to the satisfaction of everyone concerned by the building of piers at several of the chief loading points. Tails no longer were twisted and there was no undue strain on the horns, thanks to the efforts of the priest whose only thought was for his suffering fellow men and God's creatures.

Father Damien also stopped the plucking of feathers out of the breasts of living iwi birds. They are clothed in scarlet and up to the time of Father Damien's arrival they had been held by the natives in superstitious awe because their cries were supposed to convey divine messages.

"Joey" Returns To Life

GENEVRA BUSH GIBSON

Patrolman Sidney Turkheimer, who is attached to the warrant squad in downtown New York, had an eight-year-old Scottish terrier, "Joey," that he had raised himself. The dog was a household favorite with the policeman and his wife. And, what is more, Joey had won numerous prizes at Eastern shows.

But Joey was ailing and the veterinarian had diagnosed the illness as an incurable disease. The Turkheimers talked it over and decided that they should no longer permit Joey to suffer.

Soon after November 1, 1941, Patrolman Turkheimer took Joey to the veterinarian and there signed a paper which was actually the terrier's death warrant.

The winter dragged on and spring came but still the Turkheimers had not forgotten Joey. One Saturday afternoon late in May when Turkheimer returned to his home from walking his beat, he



BE KIND TO US

found a telephone message awaiting him. He was directed to come to the Memorial Hospital where a friend wished to see him.

Arriving at the hospital, Turkheimer waited anxiously in the reception room. Then an attendant led in a Scottish terrier whose shiny coat and bright eyes mirrored perfect health. The policeman whistled, and the dog leaped into his arms, wriggling joyously. Indeed it was Joey returned to life. Even the unemotional hospital attendants had to brush away the tears as they beheld the happy reunion between the dog and master.

Behind this restoration to health was a story of kindness and compassion. When the veterinarian, who prefers to remain anonymous, received Joey, he believed that there might be a slight chance for the terrier's life. He would make the effort to save it. He consulted Dr. Halsey Bagg, biologist of the Memorial Hospital, who agreed to do what he could to save the dog from cancer of the mouth. In the time that intervened a cure was perfected. Then it was that hospital authorities learned the identity of the dog's owner and Turkheimer received his pet again.

The bloodhound is an aristocrat among dogs and came by its name by virtue of its blue blood, not because of any special adaptation for scenting the blood of criminals.

Back to the Horse

CHARLOTTE C. WEST, M.D.

WHAT a comeback the horse has made, and how fortunate for us that the population of this useful animal is estimated at from eleven to thirteen millions!

Our machine-minded people will be forced to adjust themselves to many—what were quite recently considered—antiquated methods of travel, but the horse is a most dependable servant and, treated with the consideration due him, will get us there.

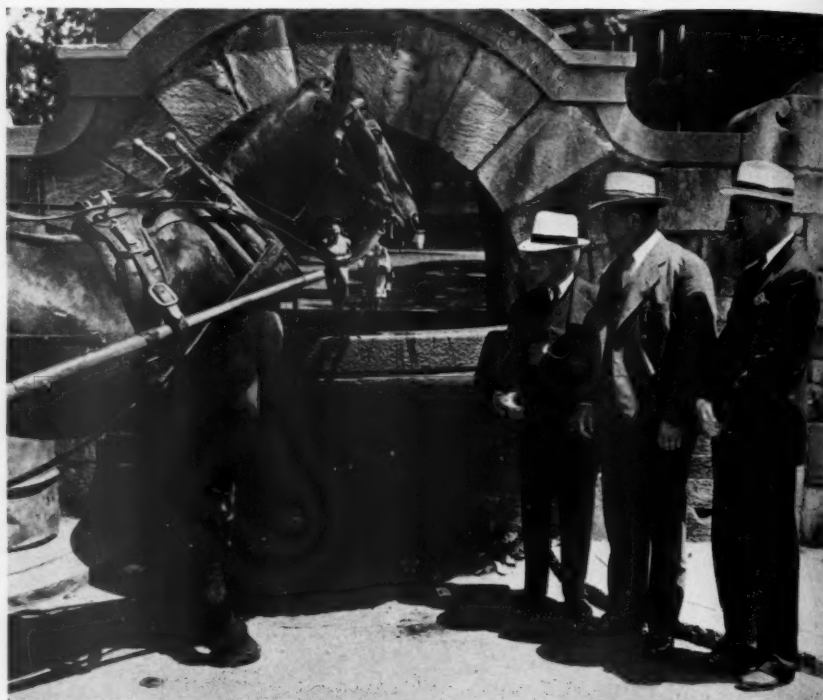
There have been many cries of a horseless age. When Fulton's steamboat moved upstream against the Hudson's current; when the first steam locomotive raced and out-distanced the horse between Baltimore and Ellicott's Mills in 1830, and again when the first automobile was demonstrated, the doom of the horse was predicted.

However, all lovers of this noble animal must have rejoiced that the days of the pack-horse and mail ponies are ended. In recent years even the cowpuncher lost his avocation in favor of the more convenient machine. But the usefulness of this method of guarding the range has been put in practice for governmental purposes, and the experienced "cow" man and his specially trained horse is again doing what he loved best—riding the range with his favorite companion.

Many horses that are discarded as too old and useless for any purpose, horses that have been overworked for years and are apparently completely worn out, regain a modicum of health and strength under care and good treatment. I speak of this because there are hundreds of people who require some kind of horse to do their lighter chores.

On the authority of the Horse and Mule Association of America, it is stated that any good farmer can operate his farm well with one work-horse for every twenty-five acres of soil. This requires a pretty good horse. On a small estate of my knowledge, five to seven acres of which are tilled, the rest kept in beautiful condition, one horse does the work. When bought at a horse auction, he brings around twenty-five dollars, and is a sorry looking animal to a casual on-looker, but the practiced eye of the farmer sees his good points, and after a few weeks of care and kindness, he is a new animal. If he has a good disposition he follows the farmer around like a dog. He remembers the days of his youth, at times, and rolls around on the grass in sheer abandon.

Some years ago the lure of the saddle swept the country like wild fire. Everybody who could—rode. A corresponding interest and improvement in the quality of horses and horsemanship has resulted. The love and intelligent use of good



THE CITY OF NEWTON RE-OPENS A WATERING STATION FOR HORSES

With the advent of hot weather and the increase in the use of horses both for pleasure and commercial purposes efforts are being made to restore drinking places for the animals. Further arrangements are also under way for furnishing free drinking water at many gasoline stations. The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is sponsoring this aid for horses. The above fountain is located at Newton Centre. In the group are (left to right) Dr. Francis H. Rowley, president, Mayor Paul M. Goddard, and Eric H. Hansen, executive vice-president.

horses is our heritage.

The American saddle horse is a remarkable breed. Docile, courageous, proud and good-tempered, if treated gently, but he instantly resents ill treatment with whip or spur.

The American thoroughbred stands the equal of his brothers in any land. He is the swiftest of all equines, the gamest and most faithful of his race; his breed has been used to build almost every other breed of light horse. His fame will go down through the ages.

Will Rogers' Best-Loved Horse

LOIS SNELLING

IN her biography of her husband, "Uncle Clem's Boy," Mrs. Will Rogers writes often of horses. No true biographer could do otherwise, since horses played such an important part in the life of the cowboy-humorist. From the days of his childhood on his father's Oklahoma ranch to the time of his tragic death in Alaska, one of his interests and deepest devotions was horses.

But of all the ponies that galloped and raced through his active life, the one that Will Rogers loved best was "Teddy." And Teddy well deserved his master's

affection, for it was he that co-acted with Will in his early vaudeville days and launched him on a successful stage career.

Teddy had a heroic namesake to live up to, for Will named him for President Theodore Roosevelt. He was reared on an Oklahoma ranch, and it was necessary for Will to economize for some time before he was able to save the one hundred dollars that was Teddy's purchase price. He was a beautiful little pony—dark bay, with black mane and tail—and as bright as a new dollar. Will would call out to him, "Right!" and he would start instantly, and just as quickly would he stop.

Will bought him a beautiful dark blue blanket, banded with gold, and the name, "Will Rogers," in large gold letters across it. The cowboy who assisted Will in his act would ride the little horse, dressed in his fine blanket, from the stable to the main thoroughfare. Then he would dismount and Teddy, without a halter of any kind, would follow him down the crowded street and up to the stage door.

When Will and Teddy finally separated, the parting was a sad one. Teddy was shipped back to Oklahoma and placed

on pasture with the other horses on the Rogers' ranch. There were instructions that he was to have the best of care, but one day the fence was broken down. The ranchman found that the horses had escaped. Eventually they were all rounded up except one. Nowhere could Teddy be found!

When Will Rogers, far away in the east, learned of the disappearance, he was heart-broken. He wired his nephew to make an immediate and thorough search for the pony. Neither time, trouble, nor expense was to be spared. Teddy must be found!

Months passed and at last Teddy was discovered. In a cornfield, pulling hard at a plow, with an old Indian driving him, they found the little pony that had been the idol of thousands of boys; that had worn the softest felt shoes on his dainty feet and a gold-banded blanket on his back; that had displayed human intelligence in his acting before American audiences, and had played for the King of England.

Will was delighted when he learned that Teddy was safe and back on the ranch again. He ordered that the pony be given the very best of everything, and all possible care taken of him. These instructions were carried out, and Teddy lived in contentment to an old, old age.

Where Horses Are Blessed

L. E. EUBANKS

EVERY year, on April 23, which is the feast of St. George, the inhabitants of the quaint village of Turttmann, in the Valais, Switzerland, bring their horses, donkeys and mules to the entrance of their parish church to have the animals solemnly blessed by the priest. St. George is the patron saint of domestic beasts in that part of the country, and peasants will gladly interrupt their work in the fields to take their four-legged helpers to the scene of blessing. Some eighty animals were brought to last year's ceremonies.

Blessing the horses is also an important rite in the canton of Ticino. In this instance it is St. Anthony who is revered as patron of horses, donkeys, and mules, on January 17. After Holy Mass has been celebrated in the church, the priest will step outside and give his blessing to the waiting animals. At Bellinzona, capital of the canton, some thirty or forty horses were blessed last year; at Locarno and in other communities the number varied, according to the size of the locality. The animals are specially groomed and adorned for the occasion. Entire families witness the ceremonies and dogs are very often brought along also to receive a blessing.

Be Sure to Make Provision for Pets When Going Away.

Our Fur-Bearing Animals

T. J. McINERNEY



Photo from Dept. Mines & Natural Resources, Canada

PURE WHITE MINK RAISED ON RANCH IN MANITOBA

YEARS of diligent effort by Humane Societies to eliminate needless cruelty in the trapping and killing of fur-bearing animals are at last beginning to bear fruit. The commercial fur industry, it is encouraging to note, is co-operating to a great extent in this humane education work.

The woman who purchases an expensive fur coat, made from the pelts of mink, fox, rabbit, Persian lamb or some other little furred creature, doesn't stop to think that the little owners of those pelts once roamed free in the wilds of their native habitats. Nor does it occur to her to inquire if the skin came from an animal that has been raised on a ranch and put to death in a humane manner.

In their efforts to protect our fur-bearing animals from being the victims of commercialization, the Humane Societies are getting the co-operation of governmental conservation agencies. In this country, the Division of Wildlife Research of the Department of the Interior and, in Canada, the Department of Mines and Natural Resources, Province of Manitoba, are doing splendid work.

The principal contribution of these governmental agencies is the rigid supervision they maintain over the commercial fur industry. They are constantly striving to perfect living conditions for the animals and conducting experiments in fur-animal nutrition, control of infectious diseases, elimination of parasitic infestation and breeding problems.

Notable progress in the system of feeding the animals on ranches was made in this country some years ago when the

ranch operators were required to use feed pans that were washed and scalded each day. Formerly, the feed was simply thrown to the animals, to be eaten off the ground, but the occurrence of parasitic infestation and disease caused the abandonment of this method.

Of great concern to members of Humane Societies and other lovers of dumb animals are the methods used to kill these fur-bearing creatures of the wild. Minks are usually placed in small, airtight boxes having small holes through which a lethal gas is introduced, resulting in a painless death for the animal. Where carbon monoxide is used, the Division of Wildlife Research warns breeders that care must be used to guard against the hot fumes striking the animal and singeing the fur.

The cruel, vicious and inhumane steel trap, too often used to capture fur-bearing animals, should be eliminated.

Despite the great progress that has been made, there is still room for improvement. A more humane method of killing rabbits, to replace the present slaughtering system, must be devised. In some places wild foxes are captured in traps.

It is regrettable, of course, that these little furred animals have to be put to death in order that some be-furred human may make a favorable impression in society. However, as long as economic conditions make it necessary, the alertness of Humane Societies and others concerned with the humane treatment of animals, will go far to prevent undue exploitation and needless cruelty in the capturing and killing of the animals.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
ERIC H. HANSEN, Executive Vice-President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

AUGUST, 1942

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals*, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about 300 words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 500 words nor verse in excess of twenty-four lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

Sixty Days for Cruel Act

Mr. James Nankivell, Executive Agent of the Minnesota Society for Prevention of Cruelty, recently told us about the splendid action taken by Judge John W. Finehout, who sentenced Eric Bergstrom to sixty days in the workhouse for cruelty to animals. Bergstrom had thrown a dog out of the third-floor window of the Johnson High School. The dog suffered injuries to its legs but is reported to be recovering.

When counsel for Bergstrom protested that the sentence was too severe, Judge Finehout declared:

"The only reason the defendant is not receiving the maximum penalty of 90 days is because he pleaded guilty and saved the state the expense of a trial. I personally investigated this case, and found this was a friendly dog who liked children and the children were very fond of him.

"A man who would abuse a dog like this would abuse children. This is one of the worst cases of cruelty this court has ever heard. It has aroused indignation wherever the facts are known. I am imposing this sentence, not only to punish the defendant for his act, but to deter others from any such act."

Recently when Dr. Rowley addressed a group of seventy children from the Children's Museum, visiting our Hospital, he asked them what virtue they most prized in their friends and most coveted for themselves — intellectual skill or financial ability. The answer the children gave Dr. Rowley pleased him very much, because they all wanted to be KIND.

Vandalism

THE wanton destruction of bird and animal life seems to be rampant in many different parts of the country.

From Pueblo, Colorado, we learn that not only were birds killed on the lakes in the city parks, but trees, ferns and flowers were also destroyed. In Conrad, Montana, farmers recently found that vandals had clipped all the hair from the manes and tails of one hundred horses grazing on the range, and in San Francisco a sixteen-year-old boy, who shot a dog, recently told the court his reason for committing the crime: "I just felt like shooting it."

Mr. Friedrichs, in *Our Animals* for June, offers an excellent solution to the problem in suggesting a real campaign through Humane Education. Vandalism and cruelty are serious signs of a real problem, and the humane movement should be prepared to face the issue and employ every possible means to further the program.

Mr. Cotter Leaves for the Army

The United States Army gained a fine soldier and our Society lost a very valuable staff member, when our excellent press representative, Mr. John F. Cotter, recently entered the services of his country.

In addition to his public relations work, Mr. Cotter conducted a series of successful talks and exhibitions of humane films before units of the Junior Police Corps in Boston and gave addresses in a great many parochial schools.

Mr. Cotter spent a good many years in Washington as secretary to Congressman Higgins, and his many friends in the Nation's Capital and in Boston will miss his genial personality and sincere devotion to the cause.



THIS IS THE PICTURE OF ROTHERSEY FIANCEE BRAWN—HER NAME PRESERVED ON AN ENDOWED KENNEL BY HER MISTRESS. BORN MARCH 28, 1927 — DIED MAY 31, 1942.

Dogs for Coastal Defense

THE history of the present world struggle will be incomplete without an account of the contribution of our animal friends to the defense of our country. And dogs, particularly, will be recorded as having played the major role in guarding against invasion by enemy agents and saboteurs.

This is indicated by the latest recommendation for the use of dogs on guard and sentry duty. The recent penetration of our coast defenses by Nazi spies disembarked from submarines has prompted Lieutenant Commander McClelland Barclay, of the U. S. Navy, to recommend to his commanding officer the enlistment of dogs to prevent the repetition of such enemy landings. Commander Barclay is the well-known illustrator now at work creating posters to memorialize the work of dogs for defense.

He lives near the Long Island area where the apprehended spies made a landing. "It is marked by a great number of foggy nights," he reveals. "The fogs are so thick it is frequently impossible to see more than six feet. It is a well-known fact that in this weather the senses of smell and hearing become much more acute. And dogs are the type of animal that can take advantage of this in the greatest degree."

Commander Barclay proposes that dog sentries be placed in shelters along the beaches, about a quarter of a mile apart. They could then hear every sound within that range and give warning. Coast Guardsmen patrolling the beaches would feed and care for the dogs. Each dog could literally replace fifty Coast Guardsmen at this type of work, according to Commander Barclay.

This recommendation is indeed a fine tribute to the courage, loyalty and spirit of one of man's best friends. The dog, too, has enlisted in the fight for freedom.

A. A. BROWN, JR.

Nobody Home

Mr. Henry Gillen, of the editorial staff of the *Boston Post*, who also is Poet Laureate of his interesting paper, was overheard telling of the intelligence of his cocker spaniel puppy.

When all members of the Gillen family are away from home and the telephone rings, the puppy, according to Mr. Gillen, lifts the receiver off, barks into the transmitter three times and then hangs up.

Truth or poetic license, Mr. Gillen?

Endowed stalls and kennels are needed in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street
Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road
Attleboro, 3 Commonwealth Avenue
Hyannis, State Road, Rte. 28, Centerville
Wenham, Cherry Street

JUNE REPORT OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., WITH HEADQUARTERS AT BOSTON, METHUEN, SPRINGFIELD, PITTSFIELD, ATTLEBORO, WENHAM, HYANNIS, WORCESTER, FITCHBURG, NORTHAMPTON, HAVERHILL, HOLYOKE, ATHOL, COVERING THE ENTIRE STATE.

Miles traveled by humane officers	17,142
Cases investigated	335
Animals examined	4,385
Animals placed in homes	290
Lost animals restored to owners	104
Number of prosecutions	4
Number of convictions	4
Horses taken from work	9
Horses humanely put to sleep	22
Small animals humanely put to sleep	2,940
Horse auctions attended	16
Stockyards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	65,110
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	40

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Telephone 4-7355
53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D. H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.
*On leave of absence—military service

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JUNE

At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital	867
Cases entered in Dispensary	2,053
Operations	361

At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital	237
Cases entered in Dispensary	739
Operations	103

At Attleboro Clinic, 3 Commonwealth Ave.

Cases entered	83
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Totals

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	208,094
Dispensary cases	526,223
Total	734,317

Veterinary Colleges

The American Veterinary Medical Association, 600 South Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, recognizes twelve veterinary colleges. Of these ten are in the United States and two in Canada. All of these require at least a high school preparatory education.

The largest wildlife sanctuary in North America is in the Aleutian Islands, off Alaska.

Branches and Auxiliaries MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Northampton Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—WAYLAND L. BROWN, Pres.; MISS ELIZABETH A. FOSTER, Treas.

Great Barrington Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—MRS. ROBERT MAGRUDER, Pres.; MRS. DONALD WORTHINGTON, Treas.

Holyoke Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—ARTHUR RYAN, Pres.; MRS. ROBERT E. NEWCOMB, Treas.
Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. CARLTON H. GARINGER, Pres.; MRS. RICHARD A. BOOTH, Treas. Second Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; MRS. JOHN HAMILTON CLARKE, Treas.
Boston Work Committee of Mass. S. P. C. A.—MRS. GEORGE D. COLPAS, Chairman.

A good man will take care of his horses and dogs, not only while they are young, but when old and past service.

PLUTARCH

Veterinary Column

1. Question: Each summer my dog has a skin condition that has been diagnosed as eczema. Raw sores appear, usually along his back, and they seem very irritated. What causes this condition? Is there any prevention, and how can it be cured?

Answer: The condition you describe arises every year in many hundreds of dogs. There are as many answers to its cause, none of which have been proved to be right in all cases. Many veterinarians believe eczema to be caused by diet, while many believe it to be the result of contact with some material to which the dog is sensitive. Perhaps both schools of thought are right. The best answer is that we are not sure what causes moist eczema in dogs.

It is reasonable to believe that it is a sensitivity or allergy to some thing or things. Whether these things (and it may be anything) are eaten or touched would make no difference in the result. If an animal is sensitive or allergic to any substance, and comes in contact with that substance, a reaction takes place. It may in some cases result in what we call moist eczema.

As to preventing this condition, if we knew what caused it we could avoid contact with the causative agent and thereby prevent it. However, there are so many things that act as allergens (causative agents for an allergic reaction) that finding the particular one that causes eczema in your dog is a big problem. If you knew everything he ate and everything he touched you would have a start. However, the offender could be any one of these hundreds of things, even pollen or dust in the air, so you see the problem is quite large.

In regard to its treatment: Your veterinarian probably has his favorite mixture that will give relief. There are quite a few lotions and salves that give a measure of benefit. There is no one cure-all. Boric acid powder, sulfathiazole powder, some antiseptic powders, various skin lotions, ointments and oils, have their uses. But, before you use anything, you had better have your veterinarian check the dog and make sure that it is eczema and not some other skin condition.

2. Question: Is there any preparation that will protect a dog from ticks?

Answer: There are preparations that will give some measure of protection from ticks. These materials are not to be regarded as giving full protection, however. Talk with your veterinarian about this matter and he will advise you what to do. Ticks are rather prevalent this year, and careful examination of your animals is your best protection. Look through their coats daily or oftener, especially if you are near woods.

L. H. S., Veterinary Dept., Angell Animal Hospital



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Rev. John W. Lemon, *Ark. Virginia*

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Seymour Carroll, *Columbia, South Carolina*

Rev. R. E. Griffith, *De Land, Florida*

Field Representative

Dr. Wm. F. H. Wentzel, *Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR JUNE, 1942

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 87

Number of addresses made, 63

Number of persons in audiences, 5,439

Gifts for Retired Workers

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Albert A. Pollard, Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

From Australia

We have just received a copy of the *Royal S. P. C. A. Journal*, published by the Society in Sydney, New South Wales. The organization is passing through a very difficult time but, with courage, states, "the colors of our great organization for the protection and care of animals are nailed firmly to the mast."

The Society's many splendid activities speak well for the people "down under." The Society celebrates Be Kind to Animals Week and Humane Sunday, employs inspectors to examine stock, maintains a convalescent home for horses and dogs, has lethal chambers in many sections of the area served for the painless destruction of unwanted and diseased animals. The Society's activities have greatly expanded in recent years, and we hope war will not interfere too seriously with the splendid work our Australian friends are doing.

It Is Now Dr. Barnwell

Friends of the Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, field worker of the American Humane Education Society in Fort Worth, Texas, are congratulating him upon receiving the degree of Doctor of Divinity which was conferred upon him at the Commencement exercises of Lincoln University, Pennsylvania, last May. Dr. Barnwell, in addition to his humane work, was for 22 years director of health education for Negroes for the Texas Tuberculosis Association. He has been a resident of Fort Worth since 1913, when he went there as a teacher of theology. He received the A.B. degree in 1908, and the degree of Bachelor of Systematic Theology in 1911, both from Lincoln University.

Prize Cup for Best Essay

The Melrose Humane Society, through the courtesy of a generous donor, offers the Clark prize cup, a beautiful award, to the seventh grade pupil in the schools of the city who writes the best original story describing some humane incident or episode. This year there were 27 contestants. The winner was Shirley Duncan of the Lincoln school.

Twenty-seven states of the Union have some form of humane education law. How long will it be before the other twenty-one fall in line? Humane education makes for better international understandings, the overcoming of race prejudice, more reverence for law and order, as well as better treatment both of people and animals.

Please remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.

A Gun in the Home

LESTER BANKS

EVEN during peace times a surprising number of American families regularly keep a firearm in the home; and now that the United States is at war the number will increase.

Even more surprising than the number of gun keepers is the degree of ignorance among these same people of how to use the weapons. Merely to shoot a gun a few times doesn't teach the shooter much, and accident records indicate that the uninformed gun handler is about as likely to hurt himself as he is the one who molests him.

Further, one member of a household, presumably the gun's owner, may be familiar with weapons; but only his care, not necessarily his knowledge, will insure safety for others of the family. When guns are accessible to children it is only a matter of time until deplorable accidents occur.

One reader of newspapers collected, in one year, seventy-five items about children not older than fifteen figuring in gun tragedies. They killed adults in about one-third of the cases. One boy eight years old while playing with a gun aimed it at his mother and killed her. Another boy four years old killed his father. Playmates were killed in most of the other cases. There were five suicides among children who were allowed access to guns. Most of the cases resulted fatally.

Every one of these disasters could have been prevented, by leaving no possibility for the child to get the gun. Even infants sometimes find pistols under pillows.

Even an air rifle is dangerous in inexperienced hands; many cases of blindness have been caused by misdirected BB shot. During the last few years there has been a marked increase in the use of .22 caliber rifles among young boys in cities. The appalling risk with firearms is at its very worst here; so many people think the .22 "but little more dangerous than a slingshot."

All right, listen to this, quoted from one of America's leading authorities on rifle shooting: "A bullet from a .22 has a range of from 900 to 1,400 yards, depending on the kind of cartridge used, and will penetrate a man's skull at this distance." At short range this "little" bullet will go through six inches of wood!

Were I an educator, I would endeavor to make my influence along the lines of humane heart training my chief service to my pupils—I would give them something that would place them at once in the ranks of the noblest of the race.

RALPH WALDO TRINE

The "American Camel"

ALDEN MANN

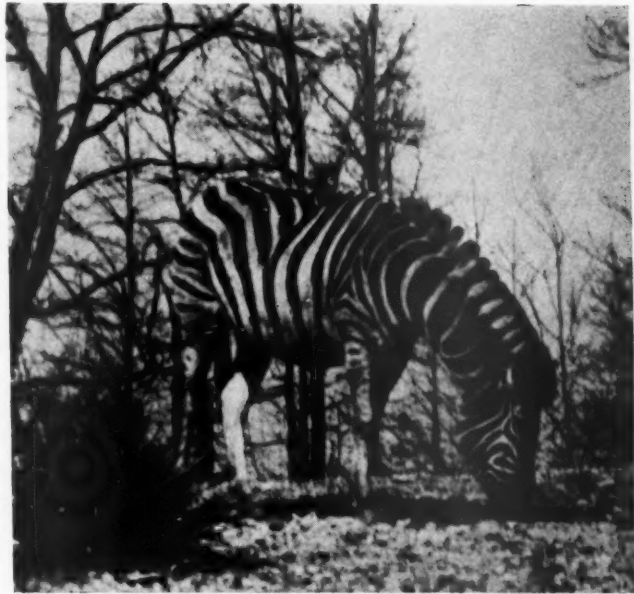
WHEN the Spanish conquistadores invaded what is now Peru and heard of a fantastic empire somewhere in the purple haze to the east, they set out toward that mysterious, lofty range we now call the mighty Andes. Up and ever up they toiled through barren regions where few signs of life or vegetation existed—an unbelievable land of granite peaks and bottomless canyons.

Atop these mountains some two and one-half miles above the sea the conquistadores came to the cold wind-swept empire of the Inca ruler, Atahualpa, and history records the conquest of this rich domain. But little has been said of the small, shaggy beast of burden found in those regions then and still existing as the chief burden bearer—the llama.

The llama is somewhat similar to the camel, save that he is much smaller and does not have a hump. About three feet high at the shoulder, long-necked, long-haired and varying in color from white to black, he is fitted by nature for his task in the rarified atmosphere above the clouds. He can work on a scant supply of food and oxygen. High altitudes are his habitat, and he thrives where other beasts of burden would perish. No doubt the llama helped to erect the marvelous stone structures of the Inca empire.

The burden of the llama must not be too heavy, for it is said that he knows to a pound his capacity and that if he is overloaded by even a small amount he will lie down, refusing to go farther. However, even with the small carrying capacity of the llamas they are capable of transporting tungsten, tin, vanadium, copper, gold, silver and other valuable strategic ores from the remote mines to the few railroads found in the Andes. Large trains of these little animals follow the steep, rocky trails where it would be impossible for other beasts of burden to travel.

From the hair of the llama various kinds of cloths are made for protection against the biting wind of the high *paramo*, and to the peon he is food and clothing as well as burden bearer.



OF THE FOUR-FOOTED BEASTS THE MOUNTAIN ZEBRA RANKS AMONG THE MOST BEAUTIFUL

Reunion of Veterans

WILLIAM MCNULTY

When a pilot officer in the Royal Canadian Air Force stepped out of a fighter plane on a farm near Lunenburg, N. S., he saw a horse looking steadily at him. A forced landing had been necessary in a pasture field, but neither the plane nor pilot was injured.

The pilot thought he recognized the horse as one he owned about two years ago, on a wheat farm near Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, but which he had sold on enlisting in the air force.

The airman shouted, "Major," at the horse. Whereupon, the equine raced toward him, whinnying happily. The horse rubbed his head against the pilot's uniform. The man and beast had a joyful reunion for a half hour until the man went to the nearest farmhouse to telephone news of the mishap to his base. The horse followed him right to the door, and they were together until a rescue plane arrived in about an hour.

The pilot learned that after he sold

Major, the horse was shipped from Saskatoon to Halifax, N. S., in a carload of western farm horses, and at Halifax, was bought by the farmer close to Lunenburg on whose land the plane came down.

The airman is now convinced the world is not so big after all. Out on the prairies, he had used Major for horseback riding as well as general farm work, and they had been the best of companions.

They were reunited after two years, about 2,700 miles east of their old stamping ground. It was apparent the horse had spotted his former master promptly when the latter had emerged from the plane.

Zebras are not put to work like horses, because they are slow, lack pulling power, and are not very docile.

After the death of a friend (Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd) Charles Dickens wrote: "The chief delight of his life was to give delight to others. His nature was so exquisitely kind, that to be kind was its highest happiness."



Photo from Fish and Wildlife Service, U. S.

BUNNIES THAT ARE DEAR TO THE HEART OF CHILDHOOD

Home Coming

Marjorie Hunt Pettit

He comes from the south when days are long—

*The Bobolink, with his bubbling song;
A tourist seeking a well-known scene,
Homeward bound from the Argentine.*

*The llanos know him; the pampas, too;
He's Pan-American, through and through.
He needs no passport nor travel chart
To find his way into every heart.*

*Clover and hawkweed welcome him home—
Veteran flyer of field and foam;
Never failing throughout the years,
This vagabond of the hemispheres.*

Tunnel Nesters

WILLIS MEHANNA

THE bank swallow is similar in appearance to other members of the swallow family, only smaller and not so brilliantly colored. He is plentiful in localities where high creek and river banks are found. He is common in the United States and Canada from April till October. He is also found in Europe. All species of swallows are odd in regard to nesting habits, but the bank swallow is the oddest of them all. He tunnels into the sandy banks of brooks, rivers and the seashore and builds his nest in these tunnels. The nest is lined with feathers and spears of grass and contains from four to six white eggs. The bank swallow rears his family in this tunnel nest which, because of its location, is seldom bothered by intruders. He is a great insect eater and is fairly common in interior United States but not so plentiful as along the Atlantic coast. In autumn these birds migrate south in large flocks, more or less noisily, but return in spring with less fanfare. It is quite a delight in the spring to watch these birds fly in and out of their tunnel homes. We should all be interested in protecting them.

Man's Friend — the Bluebird

CALVIN WALKER

WHEN I was very young I once shot, with an air rifle, a mother bluebird. She had been teaching, with maternal patience, a reluctant youngster to fly; and, in her preoccupation, made no particular effort to get away from me. She was sitting on a fence post when the tiny pellet struck her; was resting there, her soft reddish breast proudly full in the fading sunlight. For a moment she clung there, the deeper crimson slowly covering her own loveliness. Then, after a desperate struggle, she fluttered helplessly to the ground. I picked her up then and, holding the frail body in my hands, tried to stem the flow of blood. But it was useless. Just before her eyes closed she seemed to look at me as if I had betrayed a friend. I buried her that night in a tiny grave on the hillside, and I made a small cross out of an old shingle. Later, when I went to bed, I cried myself to sleep.

No bird in eastern North America has so sweet and amiable a disposition as the bluebird. In his quiet and unobtrusive manner he seems really fond of man, and will build his grassy home in nearby hollow trees or in birdhouses close to the buildings. The mother lays four to six bluish-white eggs and attends them with a devotion almost human in its constancy. When the young hatch the parents comb the fields and woods, bringing in caterpillars and grasshoppers to feed their apparently inexhaustible hunger. Along about the end of May the first brood quits the nest, their initial flight remarkably strong and adept. Almost at once the parents proceed to create a second family, filling each day with a cheerful devotion to duty until, some time in July, they once again become childless.

After the departure of the second brood the parents are less frequently seen, taking a well-earned vacation in short flights about the countryside. Although, compared to other bird-neigh-

bors, they seldom sing, the bluebird does have a soft and gentle chirp-like song. And, of all the birds of eastern North America, the male is perhaps the most beautiful. The azure coloring that runs his entire dorsal length from his beak to the tip of his tail is as rich and beautiful as a cloudless winter sky, and his breast is the faded crimson of day's draining sunlight.

When, at long last, the flora of the northeast begins to fade, and the wind takes on a new briskness, then the bluebirds begin to think of a warmer clime. Then, just before they leave us, their call seems to say: "Far-away, far-away,"—and I, remembering, bid them reluctant farewell.

The flat fish or flounder is born with its eyes on either side of its head, the same as other creatures, but as it develops, the eye on the under side gradually moves around until both eyes are on the upper side.

The Golden Rule should be applied in our relations with the animal world, just as it should be applied in our relations with our fellow man, and no one can be a Christian man or woman until this finds embodiment in his or her life.

RALPH WALDO TRINE

Metropolitan Mallards

Seattle's Seward Park on Lake Washington Boulevard is a game preserve within the city limits in which a flock of mallard ducks have settled permanently. Some tame white ducks joined them there last year and now there are quite a few speckled beige youngsters of both wild and tame descent. At first they were fed grain every winter but now that has been discontinued and the ducks are forced to "crash" lakeside picnics which take place all the year around in Seattle. The photograph below shows a deep-water scramble for a sandwich.

M. H. W.



METROPOLITAN MALLARD DUCKS IN SEWARD PARK, SEATTLE

The Starlings in Saint Patrick's Ivy

Referring to one of the older churches in Washington, D. C.

Georgia Redway

*I passed good old Saint Patrick's
At dusk when the sun was down
As it loomed in stony splendor,
Clad in its ivy gown;
And I heard the starlings twitter
Among its darkling leaves,
As they sought their resting-places
Beneath its gracious eaves;
And I thought of the song of the prophet
From Israel's holy sod —
"The swallow hath found a refuge,
Even the altars of God";
And I thought that our Lord must love it —
And Saint Patrick too, if he notes —
The starlings' vesper twitter,
As it swells their dusky throats.*

The General and the Bird

During an especially heavy engagement, General Robert E. Lee once visited a section of the front to inspect a battery. As usual, wherever his presence became known, a large group of soldiers gathered about him and, almost immediately, their presence attracted heavy fire from the Union lines.

"You men go to the rear," the General ordered. "Those boys over there mean business."

The soldiers moved back, but as the shots fell closer, Lee calmly walked several yards forward. There, he picked up a small object and placed it gently on the limb of a tree.

It was an unfledged sparrow, which had fallen from its nest.

JACK KYTLE

Britain's Beneficial Birds

E. R. YARHAM

THE necessity of harvesting as heavy food crops as possible in Britain during the war is likely to react favorably on its bird life.

For County War Agricultural Committees are not only waging a campaign against such destructive pests as rabbits and rats, but are taking a far truer view of the real value of birds. In the past the motto of the farmer was "Shoot anything with feathers." It is remarkable proof of the revolutionary change in outlook that even rooks, once condemned as the inveterate enemy of the farmer, now have as many friends as opponents. Many farmers now refuse to shoot rooks, believing the good they do outweighs the evil.

Indeed, the number of destructive birds is so small that they can be counted on the fingers of one hand. On the other side of the picture, the debt we owe to the birds is incalculable. Apart from the blotting out of the sun, the world could not suffer a greater catastrophe than to lose its bird life.

Man's deadliest enemy on earth is not disease but the swarming life of the insect world. If there were no birds there would be no green-stuff on the globe within a short period, and life would become practically extinct. Recent observations and researches have brought about a growing realization of the bird's place in the economy of nature, and the imminent peril to food crops, should vermin and insect pests get beyond control, has become apparent.

One of the leading scientists in Britain who has helped to bring about the change in outlook is Dr. Walter Collinge, who

has carried out numerous inquiries as to the economic importance of birds, and British children are now taught the incalculable value of insectivorous birds, in particular. A century and a half ago, on the contrary, a so-called "authority" of the day (1788) asserted that "Birds are to be guarded against as being destructive." It was this frame of mind which led to the shooting of countless small birds, and sporting enthusiasts shot all the hawk type because they occasionally took a pheasant or partridge. No wonder rats, mice, and similar pests multiplied!

On the Continent shooting of small birds still thrives as a "sport," and as a result horticulturalists say they have to do much more spraying to destroy insects than do British gardeners. In France chickens have had to be kept to attack insect pests in the vineyards, and one of the evil results of killing birds has been the spread of the Colorado beetle, making it almost impossible to grow potatoes.

Lord Jersey, English nobleman and lover of nature, carried out recently an experiment extending over five years to show how birds help man. In the spring the leaves of his young oaks were being ruined by caterpillars. He put up nesting-boxes for tits, first 50, and the trees benefited accordingly; then 150, and now there is practically no damage to his trees.

One recalcitrant County Council in England wanted to destroy larks, 10,000 of which eat 27 tons of food a year. An inquiry was made, and of the food 35.5 per cent was found to be injurious insects, 2.5 beneficial insects, 3.5 neutral insects, 9.5 grain, 1 leaves, 2 worms, 1.5 miscellaneous, 43.5 weed seeds. The lark benefits the farmer 36.5 per cent of food eaten, is neutral 50.5 and injurious in only 13 per cent. If 2½ tons of cereals are eaten, on the other hand, 12 tons of weed seeds are destroyed, and as well 30,000,000 injurious insects and 30,000 slugs! A harmful bird!

In Britain these are among the most valuable friends of the farmer: the peewit, whitethroat, garden and willow warblers, blackcap, nightingale, chiffchaff. The perky little wren also eats mainly insects and minute pests, and the Ministry of Agriculture says that the hedge sparrow is perhaps the most blameless of all birds, its food consisting of insects and, in the winter, of wild seeds and berries. The robin also stands high on the list of Britain's beneficial birds.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies will be made good by us upon application.



Courtesy, Mass. Audubon Society. Photo by Howard Cleaves

A COMMON TERN POSES ON ITS NESTING GROUNDS

Kittens in Boots

CLARENCE HUFFMAN

A YOUNG rural school teacher trudged down the muddy country road in the April twilight. On account of the wretched condition of the highway, he wore heavy rubber boots and carried his shoes in his hand. It was a raw day and he quickened his pace, anxious to reach his home where he could get thoroughly warm again. The distance from his school to his father's home was several miles and he had gone only one of them.

Suddenly he heard a series of cries near a small bridge that he was soon to cross. They were weak, pathetic cries. The teacher hurried more quickly than ever to reach the spot whence the sounds of distress came.

"Lost animals of some sort!" flashed through the mind of the teacher.

Pushing through the bushes and high weeds at the side of the road, he saw four blue and white objects tumbling around helplessly in the grass, now and then falling into a hole and scrambling out in feeble fashion.

The teacher's face flushed with indignation. "Kittens!" he ejaculated. "Somebody has thrown them out to find a home."

It was a long distance to a farmhouse. The kittens would starve if left there by the roadside. They were too little ever to crawl far enough to find food and shelter. What could he do?

The teacher's father owned a farm and there were already three or four cats at the barn. "There's always room for one more," grinned the young man.

As he looked down at the little creatures, now crawling about his feet and crying piteously, he thought of his lunch box. That would hold only one. None of his coat pockets would hold even one. The teacher went over to the low concrete wall of the bridge. He sat down upon the wall and pulled off his boots. On went his shoes, polished so that they shone. He gave a low whistle.

"Tough on the shoes to plod through this mud and water," he thought. "And three miles yet to go."

Then he grinned again. He stooped and picked up the kittens, putting two into each boot. Placing his lunch box under his arm, he grasped a boot in each hand and started on in the dimming twilight. A wagon rolled by, going in the opposite direction, and the farmer pointed to the boots and yelled above the rattle of the wheels,

"Why don't you put them on?"

"Kittens!" the teacher called back, but he knew the farmer did not understand.

The teacher broke into a loud whistle, happier than he had been all day. Soon the kittens would be warm and fed.



TAKING A SUN BATH

"Popoki," Native Hawaiian

LULU FUNK

"POPOKI" was a "wild" cat. He came from the Island of Hawaii where many domestic varieties of animals roam the lava beds—goats, pigs, dogs and cats. They are called wild animals, though I wonder why this word should be applied to them, for they are quite harmless. They have simply strayed from their masters to run free.

My husband went wild boar hunting there. To my amusement he returned to Oahu, not with a month's supply of meat, but with two little goats and two kittens. And what's more he "brought them back alive," which is quite a feat when you consider that they traveled via army bomber.

We kept the kids for a couple of weeks but as they were reducing my ferns and small papaya trees to shreds, we gave them to Hawaiian friends who had a larger place for them to romp.

One of the kittens mysteriously disappeared but we still had Popoki, so named because the word means cat in Hawaiian. We learned from Hawaiian and Chinese friends that these cats are a mixture of breeds. Long ago the ships which touched there had a few cats on board to help keep down the rat population. Thus Hawaii not only became a melting pot of human breeds but of animals, too. Our

friends said Popoki's parents had a goodly portion of Chinese Manx cat in their heritage. His ears were short and black and stuck straight up from the thick white fur on his head. His nose was black too, and while one side of his whiskers went up the other side turned down, spoiling what little dignity he might have had. His eyes were green and slanting. There were patches of tan on his back and he wore tan shoes on his feet. To those who love the pure-bred Angora, Persian or Siamese, he might not appear to be much of a cat.

Popoki had as many toys as a lot of children have. Almost every night my husband brought home something new for him. But, in spite of all this, he proved to be quite a "he man."

The rats made nests

in the cocoanut trees around our house. They would chew the stems so that the cocoanuts fell on the roof with a loud bang and went bouncing noisily off.

"I wish Popoki would clean out those rats," my husband remarked one night.

To our surprise when we opened the back door next morning, we found a huge rat on the doorstep. Every morning we looked for Popoki's victim and, sure enough, it was always there. I might add that rats weren't his only token of thanks for our hospitality. One morning I found a good-sized fish; once, a troublesome old minah-bird; and once, a crab which looked much the worse for wear.

Perhaps it was the fun of the kill which finally started Popoki after the mongoose. It was the killing of these ugly little animals which brought him his real glory. The Hawaiian Islands had been overrun with rats which were brought in by trading vessels, so the mongoose was imported to get rid of the rats. The problem now is to get rid of the mongoose.

Time came when we were to be sent back to the mainland. My husband and I spoke of shipping Popoki home on the boat. We were swamped with protests. Where would Popoki find a rat or a mongoose in a city apartment?

Far off in the Paradise of the Pacific Popoki still roams. Friends write that he is healthy and happy and still carrying on his benevolent work.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Let "Spider" Do It

G. A. TIBBANS

IT'S not at all unusual to find a dog that brings in the paper, brings his master's slippers or pipe, etc., but "Spider," a collie owned by Mrs. Briney Thompson, of Fort Pierre, S. D., does all those things and many more. Among them, Spider, who is now nine years of age, brings in the wood each evening and places it neatly in the wood-box (see picture where he is beginning his evening chore.)

He can and does use the telephone. Mrs. Thompson had no idea Spider had mastered the technique of using the 'phone until one day when she was out and had left Spider locked in and the carpet caught fire from an open fireplace. The 'phone rang and central could hear excited barks. She sent a man and he broke in and extinguished the fire. Spider had pulled the receiver off the hook and barked for help.

Kind Words

If the stray cat or dog is not better off for the kindness you tried to do him, *you* are better off just for trying to help him.

If it doesn't do the horse any good to have you say a kind word to him as you pass along, it does *you* good.

— Little Animals' Friend

When Bunnies Pray

LOIS SNELLING

*I like to watch a bunny pray —
He does it such a cunning way.
He sits upon his fuzzy tail
Beside the lettuce or the kale;
And then, as solemn as can be,
He folds his paws so quietly.
He never moves a part of him
Except his lips . . . I think with them
He says, "Dear Lord, for all the food
You give to bunnies, when they're good,
I thank You every single day,"
And then he hops away to play.*

Don't Touch My Baby!

CONRAD O. PETERSON

SOMETHING moved in our alfalfa field! A brownish flash of color! Wondering what it was, I crept closer. Quiet as I was, it heard me. As it raised its head I saw that it was a female deer, a doe.

I had seen many deer in our fields, but most of them scampered away immediately on seeing a human being. This one lowered its head and seemed reluctant to leave. However, with a snort and a toss of its head it soon scampered away, but ran in a long half circle around me!

My suspicion was confirmed. Huddled in the deep grass I found a baby deer—a pretty creature, not at all afraid of me. I did not touch it. To do so would give the little one a touch of human scent which might cause the mother deer to kill it.

I let the little one lie where it was. It was snug and cozy, and the mother deer knew its location. Too often on finding these baby deer alone, people have moved them, believing them to be lost! That is cruel to the mother deer.

With the appearance of human beings, or when hunting for food, the baby deer is carefully hidden by its mother. She knows where she hid it, but if the little one is moved, the mother will haunt the spot for days, looking for her young.

When you see a baby deer in the woods or field, let it alone! The mother is not far away!

As a destroyer of bugs the toad has no equal in the animal world. The United States Department of Agriculture estimates that toads are worth \$20 each per year to the farmers for the number of noxious insects, bugs and worms which they destroy. He is nearly worth his weight in gold. Never harm a toad.

Answers to "A Dozen More Hidden Birds" puzzle last month: 1. Phalarope, dove, canvasback. 2. Rhea, eagle, finch. 3. Stilt, brant, kite. 4. Egret, redstart, chat.

The Band of Mercy or Junior Humane League

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
ERIC H. HANSEN, Executive Vice-President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. Send for complete price list of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Eighty-seven new Bands of Mercy were organized during June. These were distributed as follows:

Georgia	61
Florida	18
Pennsylvania	8

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 263,993.

The First Link

MARY AGNES COLVILLE

PROBABLY no celebrity ever lived who had a wider contact with a diversity of childhood pets than Clara Barton, the first President of the Red Cross in the United States.

Hers was a unique childhood. Unlike other little girls, Clara did not care for dolls. To her a living, breathing bright-eyed creature with a personality all its own was much more absorbing than any inanimate plaything.

So small Clara happily mothered and showered affection on kittens and rabbits, baby chicks and many other pets to be found on the large estate of her parents.

Clara's father was a great lover of horses and believed in none but the best of care for them. The Bartons owned a number of beautiful horses, and even in baby days, Clara was as much at ease on the back of one of their beloved colts as another child would have been on a wooden rocking horse. This delight in equine companionship remained unchanged long after Clara Barton's childhood had passed.

Her first individual and sole ownership of a pet however was vested in "Button," a medium-sized lively white dog with sparkling black eyes. Button, who had very silky ears and a very short tail, was Clara's self-appointed guardian from infancy. He watched her first faltering steps and attempted to pick her

up when she fell down.

Throughout her childhood Clara Barton was never seen without her faithful Button. Where one went—there went the other. Button even stood guard patiently at the foot of the bed while his kind, little mistress said her night prayers.

Cows and cats were also great favorites of the unusual child who daily welcomed new opportunities to study animals and to bestow kindnesses upon them.

Clara was devoted, too, to three "motherly" hens as she herself described them—and to some geese and turkeys as well.

When she was a few years older, her group of special pets which attracted the most attention was her flock of handsome domestic ducks. These ducks floating on the little pond on the Barton estate were seen by wild ducks passing over from the northern lakes to the southern bays. Stopping to rest on their long journey, the wild ducks taught the tame ducks many gymnastic feats. This extraordinary sight brought groups of onlookers from neighboring points to witness it. It is doubtful if any little girl ever attracted so much notice for her interest in dumb creatures.

Clara delighted in the responsibility of seeing that all the ducks—her own and the visiting ones were generously fed. But her concern over them did not make her forget any of the other animals or birds on the estate.

That early devotion of Clara Barton's to the welfare of helpless animals and birds was the first bright link forged in that shining chain of later more widespread service. A service which responded to the needs of suffering humanity.



WHERE PEACE AND SECURITY PREVAIL

They Read "Our Dumb Animals"

THE junior editor of the *Daily News*, Springfield, Mass., is a "constant reader" of *Our Dumb Animals*, as shown by her reference to our June number in a recent issue of the *News*. Under the heading "Junior News Broadcasts," in double column, a concise summary of four articles appeared, all cleverly written to stress kindness to animals. In the introduction the junior editor says, referring to *Our Dumb Animals*, "Frequently when I pick it up, I am reminded of the old police chief whom I used to find reading it every month. He was a kind man, so the stories of kindness to animals must have pleased him." Some months this entire junior page of the *News* has been given over to the work of the S. P. C. A. which maintains a branch of its Angell Animal Hospital in Springfield.

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IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

RABIES, Leslie T. Webster, M.D.

From the time of Aristotle right up to the present day, the problem of rabies has been one of controversy, misinformation and often confusion. Many technical articles have appeared in medical journals, but little or no attention has been paid to giving the layman a clear-cut picture of the rabies problem.

Dr. Webster's new book, therefore, meets a popular demand by presenting, in a most interesting form and in language the layman can appreciate, a review of what has been accomplished toward a better understanding of the disease—its diagnosis and prevention.

Graphic charts provide the more scientific reader or the veterinarian or physician with detailed information of real value.

Dog owners and executives of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals and humane societies will find the book of great value in obtaining a clear picture of a problem that faces all engaged in animal protective work.

163 pp. \$1.75, The Macmillan Company, New York City.

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This book is a very practical manual on systematic canine obedience. It will prove especially valuable and helpful not only to the amateur but to all who would desire a better understanding and knowledge of the dog's mental capacity. It is in reality an excellent textbook—a guide to be studied in developing the dog in the best behavior. There are many striking illustrations which demonstrate both the correct and incorrect ways in respect to the dog's training. That there will be many dog owners, fanciers and breeders who will be eager to possess this new and up-to-date work, we have no doubt.

226 pp. \$2, Orange Judd Publishing Co., New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL PROTECTION OF WILDLIFE, Sherman Strong Hayden, Ph.D.

Protective legislation with respect to many forms of wildlife has been largely enacted in our own and other countries during the past century. The co-operation among the various countries has been effectuated from a realization that the world's wildlife was threatened with actual depletion even in some species to extermination.

The purpose of this essay, the author states, is threefold: "(1) to examine the history of certain particular situations which could only be resolved by the joint activity of two or more governments, (2) to expound in detail the attempted remedies, and (3) to enquire how far the remedies thus attempted have succeeded."

The protection that is now accorded to many species of bird and animal life has been won by a long list of conventions, agreements and treaties, which are apparently fully recorded in this substantial volume. The efforts put forth and the progress made in preserving the natural habitats of wildlife are an honor to the men and the societies who have devoted themselves to a noble cause.

246 pages, \$3. Columbia University Press, New York.

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All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitled the sender to membership in either of our Societies.

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Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

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